through it. As I went forward alone, I shuddered, and not long afterwards I was ill, or rather more than ill—weary: weary from my ceaseless disappointment about all that remained to make us modern men enthusiastic, at the thought of the power, work, hope, youth, love, flung to all the winds: weary from disgust at the effeminacy and undisciplined rhapsody of this romanticism, at the whole tissue of idealistic lies and softening of conscience, which here again had won the day over one of the bravest of men: last, and not least, weary from the bitterness of an Inexorable suspicion—that after this disappointment I was doomed to mistrust more thoroughly, to despise more thoroughly, to be alone more thoroughly than ever before. My task—whither had It flown ? Did it not look now as if my task were retreating from me and as if I should for a long future period have no more right to it ? What was I to do to endure this most terrible privation ?—I began by entirely forbidding myself all romantic music, that ambiguous, pompous, stifling art, which robs the mind of its sternness and Its joyousness and provides a fertile soil for every kind of vague yearning and spongy sensuality. " Cave musicam " is even to-day my advice to all who are enough of men to cling to purity In matters of the Intellect. Such music enervates, softens, feminises, its "eternal feminine" draws us—down \ * My first suspicion, my most immediate precaution, was directed against romantic music. If I hoped for anything at all from music, it

* The allusion is to the ending of the Second Part of Goetjje's *Faust*—"das Ewig Weibliche Zieht mis *hinan* !"— "'The Eternal Feminine Draweth us *on I* "—TR.